

THE IRISH NEWS—Will be published on SATURDAY morning, at 510 Clay street, 121 cents per week, payable to the carriers. One year—\$5 00; Six months—\$3 00; Three months—\$1 50; Invariably in advance. JEFFREY NUNAN, Editor.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

The Freeman's Journal says:—A cowardly and brutal outrage was committed on Monday evening (August 19), in Phoenix Park by three soldiers who have as yet eluded arrest, but who, it is to be hoped, will speedily be in the hands of the police to receive the punishment which their dastardly conduct deserves. At about seven o'clock, Dr. Shannon's son, of Queen street, who is only aged about fifteen years, was walking alone in the Phoenix Park, up the high ground overlooking the road leading to the Island-bridge gate. On his way he met three infantry soldiers, one of whom while passing endeavored to shove him down the steep incline which is at the place. Master Shannon remonstrated with the ruffian, upon which he and his two companions took off their belts and committed a fearful assault on him, striking about the head and face with the buckles until he became insensible. Whilst in this condition and lying apparently dead, the savages threw him into a ravine below, where, so fearful were the injuries inflicted, that he lay all night and until midday on Tuesday, when one of the Park rangers discovered him by his groans and had him removed to Stevens' Hospital, where it was discovered that the injuries inflicted were of a character to endanger life, and even if he should recover, a permanent lameness would be the result, as one arm was cut completely off by the blow of a belt buckle. Unfortunately the sufferer can give no other clue to the savages beyond the fact that the findings of their uniforms were white.

On Tuesday, 20th ult., a deputation of the parishioners of St. Andrew's, Dublin, waited on the Rev. Mr. O'Neill, at Dunlavin, and presented him with an address, together with a well filled purse as a substantial recognition of his labors whilst in the parish of St. Andrew.

Another batch of suspected Fenians left on Thursday, August 15, by the outgoing steamer, City Antwerp, having been discharged from Mountjoy prison in the beginning of the week. They were young men, their ages varying from about twenty-three to twenty-seven. Two had been arrested under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, and the others were originally arrested on suspicion of taking a part in the late rising, but who, from want of evidence to support that charge, or some other cause, were detained under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant. Their names were—Patrick Hayer, Wexford; Patrick Wm. Keogh, King's County; Francis Barry, Sligo; and John Donovan, Cork City.—Cork Herald.

Wexford.

A correspondent of the Dublin Freeman writes:—The Irish Peasantry Society of London has placed at the disposal of the Ennisworthy Union Farming Society and the South Wexford Farming Society the sum of £25 each, to be expended by them in the encouragement of heat cottage dwellings and cottage gardens in those unions. These I understand, are the first of those awarded to county Wexford societies.

On the night of the 17th ult., as the Robert Hudson, an Arklow fishing smack, was coming into Wexford harbor, she struck on the Dogger bank. The crew of the Rossiear libot, seeing the vessel's position, put off to her assistance, and took off the crew, four in number. The vessel had about seventy boxes of salted herrings on board, the greater part of which having been removed in lighters, she got off with the rising tide.

Kilkenny.

On the festival of the Assumption, Kilkenny celebrated the passing of the "Oath and Offices Bill," which abolished the penal statutes against the wearing of robes of office by Catholic officials during the religious services of their church. A procession was formed, headed by the sword and mace bearers and moved from the Tholsel at a quarter to twelve o'clock, escorted by a large assemblage to the cathedral, where they attended a grand High Mass and sermon, preached by the Rev. Father Kelly. This was the first service of the kind ever witnessed in Ireland during three hundred years.

Cork.

On Saturday, August 17, an accident occurred at Queenstown harbor, by which the lives of some twenty persons were imperiled but fortunately not sacrificed. The accident was caused by the colliding of government screw troopship Tamar which had just returned from Quebec, and a large whaleboat containing twenty-one persons. The collision was very severe, and the whaleboat completely capsized all its occupants being pitched into the water. A scene of the greatest excitement prevailed while the passengers, the majority of whom were women and children, struggled in the water for their lives. Some of the males passengers made very praiseworthy exertions to save the helpless women and children by giving them oars to hold on, which they did, and to this it is attributed mainly their preservation. They had not been a minute in the water

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NEWS.

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Down.

The Newry Telegraph says: At a late Warrenton Petty Sessions, Mr. A. Stewart, J. P., Rostrevor, charged Mr. Henry Stewart, a farmer, living in his neighborhood, with annoying his family and trespassing on his lands. The defendant, who is a bachelor, made obnoxious advances to the complainant's daughters and on every possible occasion threw himself in her way, causing the young lady great annoyance. Her brother, a captain in the Enniskillen Dragoons, chastised the defendant, but without effect. He was ordered to enter into his own recognizance in £100 to be of good behavior to the complainant and his family.

Mr. J. H. Murry, of Market street, Downpatrick, was accidentally drowned at Killough, while bathing.

Appeals are being made for assistance to erect a church of the National Saints at Downpatrick. The Freeman's Journal says:—The pious zeal of the Rev. P. O'Kane, P. P., of Downpatrick, which has determined him to erect in that town a church which will be worthy of the burial place of the three greatest of our national saints—Patrick, Bridgid and Columbkille—cannot but awaken a response in the breast of every Irish Catholic either at home or abroad.

Cavan.

A Cavan correspondent, under date 14th ult., says:—Pursuant to notice a meeting of the Town Commissioners was held yesterday, for the purpose of considering the question of establishing a dead-pool market in Cavan, and of improving the present market arrangements. Mr. Henry Douglas was moved to the chair in the absence of Mr. William Johnston, the regular Chairman; and it was decided that the new market be held in Farnham street until a better site is obtained.

A laborer, named John Brady, was recently drowned at Drunkenn while out with others in a bad boat.

Monaghan.

In Ballybay, on the morning of the 13th ult., an alarming fire broke out on the premises of Mr. Edward Murray, grocer and spirit merchant. By means of ladders Mr. Murray, his two sisters, a servant maid, and man servant were removed from the premises. This was accomplished very expeditiously; but Miss Murray, in placing her foot on the ladder, missed her step and was thrown down violently. Fortunately, however, falling on some persons underneath, so that it is stated she only received a fracture of some of the small bones next the ankle joint. Most of the goods and furniture in the dwelling-house were removed, but it was necessary in extinguishing the fire to break down the roof extending over the whole premises, and they are now a complete wreck. It is said Miss Murray had a sum of money in bank notes in the bed on which she was sleeping, amounting to upwards of £100, which has been consumed. No insurance at the time existed on the premises.

Carlow.

The Carlow Post tells of a quarrel recently arising in that city between Patrick Magrath, a harness-maker to the Barrow Navigation Company, and a man named Sullivan, employed by the Magnetic Telegraph Company. The affair was a drunken squabble, in which the latter dangerously stabbed the former.

Meath.

On the 20th ult., the Bettystown races came off on the Strand between that village and Laytown. The first, a pony race, was won by Mr. McGewen's "Drogheda Lass," ridden by his son; the Bettystown Cup by Mr. Kirk's "Mermaid," the next for a whip, by Mr. Gormley's "Little General," ridden by Laurence Byrne.

Louth.

Police Sub-constable Donnelly, Dundalk has been promoted to be acting constable, from the 1st ult., and transferred to Dundalk; Constable from the 1st ult., and transferred from Dundalk to Dundalk, and acting constable McCusker, appointed to the rank and pay of constable from the 1st ult., to remain in Dundalk.

Sligo.

The Sligo Chronicle says:—We learn that the contract for the building of the Roman Cathedral in Sligo, was this week signed by the Right Rev. Bishop Gillyool. Mr. Charles Kilgallon was declared the contractor at £35,000. The building is to be erected within four years, and the site selected is a plot of ground adjoining St. John's Church, recently purchased by Bishop Gillyool in the Incumbered Estates Court, from the representatives of the late Mr. Albert Bled. It is stated that the Cathedral will rival in architectural beauty any building in the West of Ireland.

The press throughout the country are urging subscriptions to aid the Garibaldi who were wounded in the recent battle at Baginbarr.

ERIN.

I hold a letter in my hand—A letter from that lovely land—Which bards and minstrels praise. Alas! no harp of silver tongue Hath e'er more wildly sweetly rung, Than her's in other days!

I would my sighs might bear me o'er! I'd rest upon her emerald shore, No longer care to roam. I'd leave my native land afar, Low sinking like a clouded star Behind the western foam.

I'd leave the dearest spot on earth, The sacred land that gave me birth; For who would care to mark The face more precious far than life In daily passion, storm, and strife Grown hideous, stern, and dark?

Fu fly, and rest in Erin old, I love her bards and chieftains bold— I loved her timeless clairs; Her heaven through which the sky-lark soars,

Her rocks round which old ocean roars, Her wild, sea-trodden sands, But most I love her faithful heart, That e'er its Gaelic pulse can part, Nor Gaele passion chill— But grasps its sword, and gnaws its chains, And rends its fettered limbs in pain, And braves the Saxon still!

THE WAIWODE.

BY MRS. W. R. WILDE.

Secretly by night returning, Jealous ears within him burning, John H. Murray, of Downpatrick, was drowned at Killough, on the 20th of July.

It is with feelings of unforgotten sorrow that we announce the untimely death of Rev. John Henry, C. C., Cong, which took place on Friday, 9th inst., in Cong, after a few days' illness, of fever caused in the discharge of his sacred duties. Father Henry was a native of Miltoon, in the barony of Clonmore and Tuam, after his ordination, Father Henry was appointed curate in Castletown, where for seven years he labored with unsurpassed zeal in the cause of religion and charity. It would take volumes to recount a title of the good which he effected in this town during the seven years he was amongst us, and his removal to Cong, three years ago, excited unusual sorrow. In Cong he was equally beloved. He was actively engaged in the enlarging and beautifying of the parish chapel, and about to erect another chapel at The Neale, when he was called to his eternal reward, in the prime of life. Connaght Ranger.

On the 6th inst., in Castletown, a widow, named Jane Gavan, aged 70, was found lying dead in her garden, into which she had gone a few minutes before. Disease of the heart was the supposed cause of death.

The fair of Neale, county Mayo, came off on the 5th inst., and was the most largely supplied with all description of stock of any in this locality held for the past year, but owing to the fowness of buyers, the most of them were turned home unsold. The rain, which fell to 12 o'clock, had also a dull effect. The importance of this fair to the peasantry as regards their financial and social affairs, is considerable. The whole country for twenty miles around turn out annually to meet there, whether for business or pleasure. The days of the faction fights, have now, like other "pastimes of the good old times, so far as the Neale is concerned, utterly disappeared.

The Earl of Mayo died in England on the 13th inst. It is said that Lord Nass succeeds him in the peerage of Ireland.

Westmeath.

The Board of Directors of the Mullingar Gas Company have called a meeting of the shareholders to consider the necessity of winding up the affairs of the company. A series of improvements have lately been commenced in the town, such as the erection of a very handsome new market house, and of a new building in which to conduct business of the Hibernian Bank, &c., all tending to give to Mullingar the aspect of a first class provincial town; but the extinction of gas lighting will be a very serious evil.

On the 19th ult., the police of Moate took into custody a young man named Norman, who is charged with having on the previous evening stabbed Patrick Brown, a non-offending person, whose character for sobriety and general good conduct runs high amongst that class of the peasantry of which he is a member, and who at the time the fatal stab was given was quietly wending his way home towards.

On Thursday evening, 15th ult., as the train which is due in Moat at 10.15 was passing under a bridge at Lara, a large stone, evidently aimed at the boiler of the engine, was thrown down. The fireman (named Maguire), who was standing at the boiler, was struck by the stone on the right thigh, thereby causing a fracture in that part. Nothing could be done to allay the unfortunate man's sufferings until the train arrived in when he was attended by Dr. Mathews, who sent him to the Althone hospital. There was no clue to the perpetrator of the cowardly act.

A few days ago, while some workmen were excavating a cellar in Polk township, Monroe county, Ind., they struck what at first appeared to be a solid ledge of rock, and sitting down to rest, one of their number began idly to pick at an apparent fissure, when a block of stone, nearly two feet square, disappeared with a dull thump. The men set eagerly to removing the bottom of the pit, disclosed a chamber with a six-foot ceiling, and eighteen by twenty-five feet within the walls, which were of solid, and neatly sealed, stone work. Ranged in rows, were twelve skeletons, each with tomahawk and arrow heads at their sides, and of what appeared to have been furs in the centre of the platform, each pile crumbling to dust as soon as exposed to the light. Number of tools, made of copper, and hardened equal to the best cast steel, were also unearthed, and fresh discoveries are constantly being made.

THE MADMAN'S LEGACY.

The news came to Howland Screem, by letter and newspaper, that Phleghton Maze the millionaire, had died and left one million to him by his will.

People talked it over and believed the will couldn't be broken, though contested by rich relatives, who were sorry to see much money go out of the family, and said Maze was mad, and that Screem too poor to defend his cause.

He was surrounded by congratulators, however, on the very morning when the news came. He was down almost in the dregs in the very lowest sedimental depths of poverty. He had lain abed in his last remaining shirt till eleven o'clock, in order to avoid the expense of a breakfast, and when he had fastened his rags upon him with some borrowed pins, he had gone into a grocery shop to negotiate credit for crackers and cheese enough to keep him that day.

And there he received three letters, seven newspapers were thrust under his nose, and eleven men crowded eagerly about him, and all coincided in the astounding tidings—in fact they jostled him so that he had to retreat behind a hoghead of molasses, for the rags would get unpinched and he arrested for giving unlicensed entertainment.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Screem, "don't crowd. To be sure, I've been a poor man for twenty years, and am used to being crowded; but you forget that I am now a rich man; and the feelings of my clothes, if not me, are tender, and unless you wish me to oden rich in an unbecoming fashion, I say, don't crowd."

"But we are so glad of your good luck," "Ah!" said Screem, with a dry snuff, let me see; I have suffered poverty for twenty years—disappointments, ill-paid industry—been shabby and shunned—my sympathy for the poor clashing me as the companion of wretches—and my only crimes to merit this long distress were my generosity, ill-luck and lack of business tact. And now when chance makes me lucky you are glad. Well, I believe you—and I am glad too."

All offered to do anything to prove it. "Then give me," said he to one who offered credit, "a suit of clothes and a breakfast, first thing!" They were furnished directly, and with these he commenced life as a millionaire, turning his back on rags and crackers and cheese forever.

Screem had once lived in the same city with Maze, who had learned his history, been charmed with his many acts of disinterested benevolence towards wretches even more distressed than he, and in a moment of misanthropy for all the world besides, had determined thus to reward him.

Day after day now, letters poured in upon Screem, from lawyers offering their services to support his claim. Some said it was precarious unless defended; others, that it was sure at any rate, but a timely champion would get it acknowledged sooner; some offered money for his present known need, if they were engaged; others sent it, to make sure; some mentioned terms for the job; others asked what he would give; others made pay contingent on success, &c., &c.

Then came letters by the score from private persons; offers of credit from tradesmen; offers of money from brokers, at a stated per cent.; offers of partnership from firms now in need, but which had crushed him when down; reminders of small loans and bills unpaid, hoping he would not forget them in possession; hopes his good fortune would not make him irreligious or intemperate; but "jine the siety," petitions for patronage and charity, saying, "You were poor once yourself," and one hundred and fifty plans of speculation, in which he was invited to join and share the immense profits and so on.

But he noticed one circumstance that of all who had befriended him in an unselfish manner, though many congratulated and some had grown poor, not one asked assistance—for their pure generosity was sensitive, and recoiled from the idea that they might have expected an equivalent. (Such ethereal nobleness does exist, even in these days of civilization.)

The last was from one who had lent him twenty-five cents, twenty years before— "Which," said the writer, at "six per cent, simple interest, would now amount to fifty-five cents, in all. You may make it compound if you please but as it is uncertain whether you will pay at all, I can't spare time now to figure up that it would then be— Time is Money."

Screem was naturally, or through misfortune, eccentric, and he advertised an answer to all a general one in the course of which he said to the lawyers—"I shall employ no advocates but let fortune take her course. She has had her own way with me so long, that now she smiles I dare not presume to interfere, lest she withdraw them."

"In confidence, friend Screem, who is your shirt-maker? I frankly admit I affect that bosom consumedly. It is the only bosom I have had for years which wasn't agitated, sir, either by age or scratching. I was so glad to get this that I forget to inquire who built the establishment. His ludicrous replies, referring to past poverty, and his graver comments showing utter indifference to whimsical respectability, set his lienizer upon the rack, and Gaddy gave him up. He departed from the conventional atmosphere with a very unconventional chuckle, leaving behind him the reputation of being either an eccentric genius, or crazed by sudden fortune or long misfortune."

But this summer time of his expectancy was short, and was not followed even by a compromising autumn, for a freezing winter of disappointment set in abruptly. The will of Phleghton Maze had been contested in court, and was broken. It was decided that the legatee was mad when he made it, and had left such an enormous sum to Screem only through a freak of insane benevolence; and so the property all went to one of his relatives.

Howland Screem, received the news with regret, but with an equanimity as complete as when he had heard the good news. The lots of of human butterflies all speedily vanished, of course, and he was glad of it; while those who had assisted him on speculation, despite the terms agreed upon, urgently expressed their hopes that he would work out what they had advanced."

But this to him was no new insight into the world's selfishness, he had often dreamed pleasant dreams before, and woke to hunger and misusage! With beggars he had often divided his last dollar; by beggars on horse-back he had as often been spattered with the mire of contempt. "World—frothing, glittering, remorseless, treacherous wave I know you," murmured he said, as he took his customary morning saunter through a park, "but I have learned how to swim."

He halted and looked homeward. "What are you looking at?" said a voice close by.

He diverted his gaze and saw Probatum Plummet.

"I was looking for a situation," said Screem with a significant smile; "but I suppose my old ill-luck will attend me."

"What! A millionaire, and want to die?"

"All is lost," replied Screem, "but thank God, I did some good while I had a chance."

Next to my million, however, I am sorry you've lost fifty thousand dollars."

"Not exactly," said Plummet, with an astonishing degree of illumination in his face. "I have to inform you that I was the nearest living relative of Maze, and was your chief rival expectant of the property. When I saw you last, I was not in reality poor, but came to you, so seemingly, resolved to sound you, and if I succeeded to the inheritance, to do precisely as much for you as your gratitude and sympathy did for me. I found you true metal in your hour of fancied prosperity; you shall find me so in the real one. You lost I won. There is my check for fifty thousand dollars."

"Can this be reality?" exclaimed Screem, staring at the note, which he held with trembling hand.

"It is, indeed," answered Plummet; and to use own words. "It will be a fortune to you, and only a drop in the bucket to me." You cast your bread upon the water; it has returned to bless you on dry land."

This was a promissory note for fifty thousand dollars, payable when Screem should get possession of his million.

And now it was that Screem, with plenty of rich apparel and money advanced on the above mentioned terms, suffered himself to be taken under the wing of a fashionable popinjay, one Augustus Fitzleech Gaddy, and put through a course of lionization.

Gaddy was a toy of a man an essence of bottle—a sort of Richard Crick in the play.

"Not to know him argued yourself unknown in fashionable eddies as common as butterfly, as flimsy, gay and gaudy a paper dicky, only to be ventured with in fair weather. Like other flies, he had the entre everywhere, and by him, Screem, the millionaire, apparent, was proudly introduced to the social circles of people of money, fashion, rank, learning and genius."

He received the welcoming smile of all, and as he was a single man, especially of bowing fathers and courtship mothers who had missed capable of marriage.

It was quite a treat to Screem, who had been a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, for so long. He felt as hilarious at this new phase of his life as a successful debutant upon the stage, or a mouse which has at last gnawed its way to the right side of a cheese-box. But his was not excited a whit—it was his mirth, his curiosity. He revelled in the obsequiousness and adulation which he knew how to appraise, and reflected servile civility with a politeness as sincere, or a humility more genuine.

"Pray tell me, dear Mr. Screem, who is your tailor? I must know him. Such an admirable coat—or else it is you who become it is well!" "Nature, sir, is my regular tailor; for the past twenty years rags were so abundant that I depended a good deal on art, and had more tails than I could count."

"Don't for heaven's sake!" whispered the horrified Gaddy.

"I favor, immensely, the exquisite symmetry of your style of boots, Col. Screem. Do you import them from Paris yourself, or through an agent?"

"I really couldn't swear where they came from, but I have to swear at the corns they gave me, every time I put them on. You see, sir, my feet have spread all out of shape owing to a compulsory habit of wearing old cast-off shoes, or going barefoot."

"Are you gone crazy? Please desist!" implored Gaddy.

At the police court, Belfast, on Saturday, July 13th, after the charge sheet had been disposed of, Mr. O'Donnell, the presiding magistrate, said: "Now that the criminal cases have been disposed of, I wish to remark that it is a matter for the congratulation of the people of this town and those who were engaged in the preservation of its peace that the Twelfth of July in Belfast passed over in the most creditable manner. I believe, for a good many years past, so few cases as we have had to-day connected with the July anniversary it has not been the good fortune of the magistrates to dispose of."



IRISH NEWS

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

In consequence of the reports that the Fenians are plotting to seize the person of the Queen, the guards at Balmoral Castle have been doubled, and utmost vigilance is maintained.

PARIS, Oct. 15.—A communication has been received from Narvaez, the Spanish Prime Minister, offering the Emperor Napoleon the assistance of Spain in sustaining the temporal power of the Pope.

CHICAGO, Oct. 25.—A special dispatch from Washington states that the members of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives who are at present in the city declare that a majority of the Committee are in favor of the impeachment of the President, and are confident that the project will receive the support of a majority of the House. There is no doubt that the Committee will press the subject at an early day.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—The Fenian excitement is increasing. All sorts of wild rumors are afloat. The Government seems to anticipate trouble; troops are being hurried about, and gunboats fitted out. More forces have been sent into Ireland, and the entire western coast is vigilantly guarded. The police force is also being strengthened.

FLORENCE, Oct. 16.—Almost the entire press throughout the country advocate the seizure of Rome by the Government, and it is believed the pressure in favor of the measure will not be long withstood. The strength of the party of action is hourly increasing, and the Revolutionists are daily gaining accessions of their numbers. Frequent skirmishes with the Papal troops take place in which the Garibaldians are generally successful. The greatest alarm prevails in Rome, and the Pope has called a meeting of Cardinals to consider the situation. It is not improbable that an immediate flight will be resolved.

JUDICIAL ELECTION.—The total vote cast in this city on Wednesday was only 13,892, in which the Democracy had an average majority of 1,472. The following are the majorities of the different candidates: Sprague, 1,639; Fitzgerald, 1,164; Wright, 1,579; McKinstry, 1,197; Provinces, 1,023. The returns from all parts of the State are not yet complete, but as it is, Sprague is 670 ahead of Fitzgerald, and Sprague 788 ahead of Curry.

THE FENIAN CONVENTIONS.

In view of the fact that two Conventions, representing two distinct organizations of the F. B., are called by their respective Centres to assemble in this city on the 10th November, it seems to us that would be a fitting time to try and effect a conciliation and union of the two branches of the F. B. in this State. That the two branches retain a separate state of existence in New York or elsewhere, is no tangible reason why they should continue separate in California; on the contrary, there are many excellent and incontrovertible reasons to induce them to unite their forces and their labors on these western shores. Here the numerical strength of the Fenians is not enough to maintain two divisions, when all could easily be managed by one set of State officers. Again, there has been no real cause of division on this coast, whatever may have warranted it in New York. When the quarrel and division took place in New York, why did the Fenians on this coast "take sides" with either party? It reminds us of the game of "hulky" on the green fields of Erin, when, in our younger days, we saw the boys "take sides" with the players. When the split occurred in New York, the Fenians on this coast should have remained together, consolidated their power and their resources, kept their money, and at the proper time it could be used in aid of the independence of Ireland, and not, as it seems it has been, for the independence of a few dominating spirits in New York. Within the past five years California has contributed not far below \$100,000 to the Fenian fund; and certainly it is not an unreasonable question to ask—what has become of it all? Had that large sum been kept here, a splendid Hall could be built with it, which might be dedicated and consecrated to the independence of Ireland. The rents from such a building would be immense. Even late in the day, as it may be now, we still counsel the same course. Be noble-minded; trample under your feet all small differences which may keep you from uniting. Discard names, "wings," and parties, join hands on these western shores, join your funds, also, keep them under your own roof, invest them, safely, and if at any time public opinion (not your own opinion) should tell you the time has come to set Ireland free, then—but not until then—go in with a will to do it. Meanwhile do not let your purse strings in response to "calls" for your funds, come from what source they may, save the demands of charity.

Since you have given me almost a controlling influence in your columns, Mr. Editor, although I am still, and probably always shall be, unknown to you, depend upon it I will keep the whip in one hand and the reins tightly in the other, and spare no my brogue.

JENKINS.

The "Irish Republic" Newspaper.

As a true Irish Journalist should do, we welcome into the field everything in the shape of an Irish newspaper, that professes to advocate freedom for Ireland, and for all mankind as well. Such papers, however, are subjects for criticism as well as candidates for public favor. The "Republic" says:

"Who knows not that the giant hand of the American Republic could, at one single blow, smother to atoms the blood-stained fabric of English tyranny, and leave Ireland free to rise from her deep degradation, and take her place of power and prosperity among the free nations of the earth?"

The first part of the above paragraph, smacks somewhat of the western style of bombast, and of the stump specimen of oratory. "Smash to atoms." "Blood-stained fabric." These words are hackneyed, and not very well fitted to lead the mind aright in search of truth. And why should the United States disturb the peaceful and commercial relations existing between her and one of the most powerful nations in Europe, to say nothing of the international laws and treaties of peace which are the basis of harmony between civilized nations, merely for the sake of giving Ireland a chance to rise up as one of the independent nations of the earth without even knowing whether she could maintain that independence, even after she had attained to it? It would, probably, be a costly operation for the United States, and one to which her people might feel justly opposed, even under any circumstances, and should, therefore, not be looked for by the Irish people, however willing the United States may seem to be to assist them. Again, the "Republic" asks:

"Why has not that hand been lifted up in the cause of justice? Why has it hitherto hung paralyzed while such murderous wrong has been perpetrated in the face of earth and heaven? Let these questions be fearlessly answered, according to the demands of truth, and we will have at least one step in advance of the deplorable position which up till now, we have been compelled to occupy."

And seemingly answers these queries in the following:

"To this course of conduct there were in our judgment, two grand causes contributing. The first was the curse of American slavery."

And, alas, it is a sad and sorrowful confession, which truth compels us to make, that, with noble exceptions, the Irish race took sides with those who would have continued the curse of human slavery in this country, and who still lament in its extinction. So long as the majority of the American people and their Government supported slavery on one side of the Atlantic, it could hardly be expected that they would become champions of liberty on the other. Nor were they. And so long as the Irish people exerted themselves to rivet the chains of an oppressed race in America, it was oppression of their own race in Europe. But they did it, and we must do the world the justice of admitting that it did not believe either in their consistency or sincerity."

Here the whole story seems to be told, to the satisfaction of the "Republic," at least, about the opposition of the Irish people in the United States to the will of the American, or the Anti-slavery portion of the American people, regarding slavery; and, as a consequence, the opposition of the latter, as a partial retaliation, to giving material or successful aid to the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of England. Let us suppose, for a moment, that the Irish people in the United States did not offer any opposition to the will of the American people in any of their domestic matters, but showed all willingness to assist; even then, what right had the Irish people to expect direct aid from the American Government, when to do so would be to disturb the friendly and vast commercial interests, existing between England and the United States? It seems to us that the "Republic," and Irishmen, generally, make a great mistake in this regard. For, "hereditary bondsmen" must know that, to be free, themselves "must strike the blow." Moreover, so far as slavery now is concerned, the curse is forever removed from America; and if Irishmen, as a body, did not assist in removing it, which seems to be affirmed by the "Republic," they cannot now claim any of the merit due to that act. After giving other reasons for the indifference of Americans to the Fenian cause, the writer proceeds as follows:

"We have, then, to do one thing before the free people of America will ever believe or aid us, and that is, 'to claim ourselves the enemies of human slavery in its every form.'"

This is very good and very sound advice; and if it had been given to the Irish people, and heeded by them in time, so that they could "give a hand" in the demolition of slavery,

all would now be well with them. But like many other instances where good advice is given, it comes too late, unfortunately, to be of material service where it is mostly needed. While we are only too anxious to accord the "Republic" the merit of telling the truth in this matter—and just the very thing the Irish News said, before the emancipation proclamation was issued—we certainly do not see any particular merit or real necessity in its utterance just now, or, indeed, since the "great social evil," the "peculiar institution," has been tee-totally, and forever broken up. For how can Irishmen, or any other nationality, materially assist now in doing that which has already been done so completely? If the "Republic," or its "publishing company" had promulgated this doctrine for the acceptance of Irishmen, before the war, it might possibly have done some good, and the "American people" might have been led the more readily to "believe" it then, than now, when the battle is fought, won, and the laurels already distributed to the deserving—those who not only "proclaimed" themselves the enemies of slavery, but fought for liberty, suffered, bled and died for the total extinction of slavery on American soil. The great evil with the Irish people in America is the false teaching of their newspapers, the "Republic," of course, not included, for its doctrines are sound, but altogether too late, to be of any real service; and of no value but to show how greatly the Irish people, and their newspapers, in the United States have erred heretofore. This, we admit, is a grain of consolation to the papers which have stood out for this doctrine in the times that tried men's souls. When the "Battle cry of Freedom" was sounded far and wide, where was the "Irish Republic's" rhapsodical writers, who seem now to have so suddenly sprung up, as by magic? Where was the talent of the Irish-American Press, then? Was it, or was it not enlisted with the pro-slavery or secession element of the United States? And why was it so entitled? These are questions that should be answered by the "Republic" before it comes out so boldly with its advice, which has the misfortune to be given "a day or two after the fact."

JENKINS.

ENTERPRISE IN IRELAND.—Peter Mayor of Limerick, employer of 1,000 lands, partner, too, in the largest drapery house in the city, has been little more than a dozen years in making his fortune out of three half-crowns which were all his wealth when, a poor Scottish lad, he took service under the firm of Arnott & Cannoek. He began to make by Australian shirts. Then he got a contract for militia boots, and he was rejoicing in his luck when all his goods were returned on his hands. Instantly he went over to London, sought out a friendly M. P., and said, "There must be some favoritism here, for I know my things are good, and quite up to the sample." His friend got the boots re-examined, and the contract was confirmed. Tait was a made man. He ran the blockade, too, and supplied the South with something very different from New York shoddy. He now makes a great deal for our own army, besides clothing the Irish constabulary, and doing odd jobs for foreign powers, like that which the Prussians gave him the other day. Thus, if he is not altogether a manufacturer—for, though he makes Limerick lace and uses a good deal of Irish frieze, the bulk of his cloth is woven in Leeds—he has, at any rate, shown that Irish industry may be, with common care and perseverance, remuneratively diverted into non-agricultural channels. Care and perseverance have made Peter Tait the largest employer of labor in Limerick. His place is well worth a visit. The long workshop contains 150 sewing machines, which employ 500 work girls. All goes by steam, so that the doctors, who cry out about the evil effects of the machines in the London slopshops, can now point out a remedy. The ventilation is perfect, and the neatness and modest look of the girls contrast strongly with what one sees in Yorkshire and Lancashire mills. Of course in other rooms there are cutting machines which go through twenty-four thicknesses of cloth as easily as you would cut a piece of cheese, and pressing-irons heated inside with gas, and all the most modern adjuncts of a great tailoring establishment. But the main point is, that these girls, who would else have been picking up a wretched livelihood by making a little lace and hawking it about the streets, get here from 8s. to 10s. a week, and are all so good that when a young woman of loose ways of talk gets among them, they at once send up a deputation and respectfully insist on her being removed.

FENIANA.

After the miserable failure of the attempted insurrection in Ireland early last Spring, the English authorities congratulated themselves that the ghost of Fenianism was effectually laid, and that its impotence being exposed, it would trouble them no more. It is evident, however, that the calculations of the English Government on that point were premature, if not assumed for effect. There is a radical disease underlying Fenianism, which cannot be easily cured; and despite all the efforts of England to hide it, by proclaiming the restoration of order and contentment in Ireland, the complaint will constantly break out afresh. That disease is the wretched condition of the Irish people, consequent on the misgovernment of the country through a system of laws unparalleled in their severity on the poor, and destructive of all industry and ambition. The land system of Ireland, a scheme of wholesale robbery, whereby the mass of the people are sunk to a condition worse than serfdom, that a few landlords may live in affluence, is the prime evil which affects that country; and that system is unproved or reformed, it is evident that there will be no contentment or peace in Ireland. We may be told, as we repeatedly are, that in consequence of the failure of Fenianism and the imprisonment of many of its leaders, it is dying out; but there is abundant evidence that this is far from being the case. The tone of Irish and English papers conveys a different impression, if other evidence were wanting. Events constantly transpiring, in England as well as in Ireland—such as the continuance of arrests of suspected persons, under the suspension of the habeas corpus act, the rescue of prisoners from the hands of the police, and the necessity of precautions requiring extra guards at barracks and depots, in consequence of apprehended Fenian attacks—these not only point to the fact that the ghost of Fenianism is still around, but leave the impression that it must be quite a healthy ghost. As to the final result of Fenianism, and the probable destiny of Ireland under the efforts to establish her autonomy, it is of course impossible to forecast the future. The wrongs of Ireland are too palpable to be ignored; but it is difficult to see how a people situated as the Irish are, prohibited the possession of arms and repressed by the immense power of Great Britain, can accomplish their independence. True, the world is marching on toward freedom, and Fenianism may be the instrument designed by Providence to lead the Irish people into a participation in the grand movement. Progress may be slow in Europe, nevertheless it is constantly gaining ground, and gathering power. The doctrine of self-government, and the right of distinct races and nationalities to an independent existence, are gradually receiving recognition, and the power of kings and oppressors must wane before the spread of this gospel of Freedom. Whatever Fenianism may lead to in the future, it is certain that at present it is a sore thorn in England's side. It has served to increase her difficulty in managing Ireland, since it has developed the fact that a majority of the people of that country are disaffected towards the British crown. All efforts for its extinction appear to have been useless; and to aggravate the difficulties of England in dealing with this smouldering volcano of insurrection in the heart of her dominions, she is incurring almost as much expense in watching the conspirators with her army, her police and her spies, as if actually engaged in war. Fenianism, then, is not dead. Nor will it die while English legislation fails to apply a remedy, in a bold and generous spirit, to the grievous evils which afflict Ireland. Oppression always involves difficulties; the way of justice is easy.—S. F. Times.

Florence, Oct. 15.—The revolutionary bands in the Papal States are concentrating their forces at Frosinone, about forty miles south-southeast from Rome. Menotti Garibaldi is in command. The greatest enthusiasm prevails among them, and large accessions to their numbers are being made, new volunteers coming in hourly. A battle has been fought near Verola between a party of Garibaldians and a strong detachment of Papal troops, in which the former were completely victorious. Another large body of troops, which was sent Rome last week to endeavor to prevent the junction of the insurgents, failed to do so, and met the united forces of the Revolutionists, under Menotti Garibaldi. In a short conflict they were badly beaten, losing heavily in killed and wounded. The Garibaldians took many prisoners, the Papal troops flying in disorder. The effect of these victories is to greatly inspire the insurgents, and it is believed they will immediately march on Rome.

PARIS, Oct. 15.—Events in the Papal States create great uneasiness. It is reported here that the Pope is all ready for flight, and that as soon as affairs become critical in Rome, he will take refuge in Bavaria. The late fair for the benefit of St. Vincent's Catholic church in Vallejo, netted the very handsome sum of \$5,612.

THE GRAIN MARKET.

The New York Prices Current thus reviews the course of Breadstuffs: Flour, Wheat, and other food staples have taken an upward turn, under an increasing export demand, and it looks now as though a high ruling of prices during the coming Winter were inevitable. There can not be a doubt that the cereal crops in Europe are hopelessly short—but precisely how short it is difficult to determine, since the authorities differ. In Great Britain, it is confidently believed the deficiency will be equal to ten or twelve and a half per cent. per acre. In France, the crop is deficient both in quality and quantity, and the Government has resorted to imports for prudential reasons. In Spain, the crop is deficient, and the Government has opened all its ports for the free importation of Grain. In Belgium and Portugal, the crop is limited, while the accounts from the great Grain region of Central Europe are anything but satisfactory. The crop of Southern Russia however, is said to be good. These facts present a fair indication that there will be a demand for American Grain during the next six months, and operations on this of the Atlantic evidently comprehend the situation. The talk on Change is that, at a moderate scale of prices, the whole of our surplus Wheat crop would probably be absorbed by exporters before Spring, if available, but that, as Great Britain and France, will of necessity, have to import freely from the United States, neither Western or Eastern operators are disposed to "throw away chances." The magnitude of one surplus is, of course wholly matter of conjecture. Before harvest the promise was held out of the largest yield throughout the West ever garnered, and during its progress prices declined materially. The process of threshing has revealed the fact that the more extravagant estimates cannot be realized, and so a good many of the disappointed ones have gone to the other extreme. An old proverb tells us that "in the middle there is safety," and the exact yield will probably be found somewhere between the highest and lowest estimates. We think it is safe to say that, taking into consideration the breadth of land seeded, the crop will rank among those of our most prolific seasons. The receipts at the upper Lakes show a handsome percentage of increase in good and prime qualities over inferior, as compared with the last two seasons which may be regarded as proof conclusive that there is no discount on the quality. Bad this will compensate in a large degree for possible deficiencies in the yield per acre in some sections. But while the crop is unquestionably a generous one, the fact should not be lost sight of that it comes upon a market literally bare of old Grain a fact, which, in connection with a good home trade and export demand, goes far to sustain prices considerably above the range anticipated by many who have had unbought faith in cheap Breadstuffs. Already, Winter Wheat, the first to appear in market, is becoming comparatively scarce, though this description constitutes only about one-fifth or one-sixth of the entire crop. The great bulk of Spring Grain is yet to come forward. The receipts thus far have been backward, and it is feared that navigation will close upon a small Winter reserve. The Chicago banks appear to have reached the limit of their ability to accommodate the Grain dealers of that section, and according to the latest reports, are disposed to enforce direct purchase of Grain by the East before shipment.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.—Within the last few days, on the farm of a man named Thomas McGarry, residing at Aughamore, near Granara, there was discovered a curious relic in the shape of a wooden house, which is constructed of black bog oak. It was found under water in an exhausted bog at a considerable depth beneath the surface. It measures twenty-three by ten, and consist of eight very strong beams ranging in length from ten to thirteen feet, which are supported by cross beams of great strength and firmly jointed. The side beams are firmly morticed as if intended for uprights. In the interior of this house there was a large trough, which appears to have been scooped out of one solid block, and has a hole at one end as it would seem for the purpose of letting off some liquid matter; there was also a cover for it, and there was a flooring consisting of some hardened matter, which I presume was not beaten, losing heavily in killed and wounded. The house was necessarily taken asunder in the process of raising, but Mr. Garry very properly preserved the parts, which are in good condition, and can be put together. Of course it will be for antiquaries to speculate on the probable age and purpose of this wooden structure, which some of the innocent people in the locality where it was discovered may have been intended and used for the purposes of illicit distillation perhaps centuries ago, a hypothesis I think not at all likely to be borne out on investigation, as I am quite certain it was constructed centuries before our ancestors knew anything of excise laws. In fact, it presents the same appearance as any bog oak I have ever seen, and have been submerged for ages. No doubt, however, it will attract the attention of some learned local antiquaries, who will explain.

A Tripple Murder—Vengeance of a Depraved Woman.

An event has just transpired in Memphis which has caused an excitement unparalleled. The chief actor in this seeming unreal drama, which has in it a touch of the barbaric age, says a loyal paper, was a young man named Robert Ferguson, a late graduate of the Medical University of Philadelphia, and he bore a reputation for mildness and good behavior, and who was fast becoming recognized among his profession as a youth of great promise. The tale, which seems unreal, is briefly as follows:

After Ferguson's return from Philadelphia, where he had prosecuted his studies in medicine with great diligence, and graduated with first honors, he became connected in business with one of our popular physicians, and was, to all appearances, advancing along the road to professional renown with rapid strides. But it seemed that good fortune did not benefit him. He became reckless, and finally it was rumored among his many friends that he had become enamored with a lady of great beauty, but depraved habits, and had neglected his business so that he could enjoy her charms. She had other suitors, among them a young man who was considered a warm friend of Ferguson. Their meetings were clandestine, but ere long Ferguson became aware of the false actions of the courtesan whom he loved.

A coldness ensued between him and his false friend. One night they met in a drinking saloon, where desperate characters of every description assembled nightly, and debauch until the gray morning drives them forth to their pursuits of crime and degradation. The meeting resulted fatally to the false friend. Ferguson shot him and was immediately arrested, but through some peculiar modus operandi he was released on bonds. After his release he went to Nashville; but a love for the beautiful courtesan and a desire to again mingle in the scenes that had fascinated and dragged him from a position of honor and trust, caused him to return to Memphis. Fatal action! The spirits of vengeance were abroad. The woman who by her beautiful person and educated wiles had caused him to forget his duty to society and his profession, were gathering the meshes of death around him. She had loved the man whom Ferguson had so ruthlessly shot down, and the sight of his dead body had aroused in her pitiless heart all the passions of desperation and revenge. Slowly she wound the coil, and as she crept toward her victim her eyes would seem to rend his very heart. In her desire to fully mature her plans, she seemingly descended lower into the pool of degradation, and as surely dragged with her the infatuated object of her hate. From a sumptuously furnished house of prostitution, called "Madame Lovejoy's," she became an inmate of the Olympic Theatre, on Second street, in the capacity of a beer girl, and from thence in a low den on Washington street, "The Cotton Plant." There she cultivated the acquaintance of men noted for their desperation and villainy. But in her train she brought many youths of good family, whom, by good address, and assiduous attention, she had ready to do her bidding. Ferguson saw that he was in danger from his many rivals, and insisted that they leave for California. She made some trivial excuse, remarking, "You will go a longer journey next week." She spoke truly, but little did she know that her intended victim, but herself. On the night of the 28th she concluded to put in operation her darling and fiendish object. Her accomplices—men of depraved natures—Hammond, Yonker and Bowles were instructed as to the time when Ferguson was to be assassinated. The courtesan made the appointment with Ferguson. True to his word he came. As he entered the saloon where he was in the habit of drinking wines, etc., Yonker entered, and was introduced by the woman. He ordered a bottle of wine. As Ferguson was lifting a glass of the sparkling beverage to his lips, the courtesan, with the glitter of the snake in her eye, raised her glass, remarking, "Ferguson, this is the signal of your death," and as she drained her glass, Yonker, with a gleaming bowie knife, made a lunge at the breast of Ferguson. His situation flashed across his mind, as the cold, sharp steel penetrated his left shoulder. With a quick bound he placed himself in a corner of the room, and drawing a navy-sized pistol, he shot Yonker dead, just as the world-famous assassin attempted to fire at him with a Deringer pistol. The courtesan, who fell covered with blood, in the corner where he stood at bay. Excited at the sight of blood, the woman continued her shots, wounding Ferguson in four places, and then rushed upon him with a knife. Just as the keen point touched his body, he fired a fatal shot, and graceful, fascinating and beautiful woman fell upon her once loved paramour corpse. The crowd broke through the door, and gathered around the forms of those who had figured in this singular and dreadful strife. Be-

fore the fair woman, whose fiendish spirit had caused this dreadful havoc, could be lifted from the form of Ferguson, he had expired. Many looked in awe and silence, and perhaps the scene at that house of depravity may rest as a warning to the many debased people who visited its wicked walls. The faces of the dead wore a deeper look, and on Ferguson's could be seen that of surprise and determination.

ROMANTIC.

About three months ago, a young woman of ladylike and prepossessing appearance called upon the Chief of Police and requested information as to the whereabouts of a medical man whose name she gave. Her manner being somewhat strange the Chief asked her her purpose, and she then related the following story: She said that she had been sent out some years ago from the old country, to some relatives living in one of the Northern British Colonies. By them she was placed at school in Portland, Oregon, and had there remained a considerable time. Finally she was taken ill, and a doctor was called in. He, she said, took advantage of his position to administer a drug to her, and, while she was under its influence, had seduced her. In the course of time she found that she was likely to become a mother, and informed the doctor of the fact. Shortly after this he left Portland to come to this city, on the pretext of business, telling her that he would shortly return. Having overstayed the time he had fixed, she became suspicious that he had deserted her, and determining to ascertain the truth she had followed him here. On being asked what she proposed doing if she found him, she coolly informed the Chief that she meant to kill him for having affected her. (Before this she had stated that she had had a child, which died.) The Chief told her she was very foolish, and represented that if the head of the police should become accessory before the fact to a murder, if her story was true, she had no doubt been previously wronged, but she could not right herself by killing her seducer. He finally suggested that the best thing she could do, under the circumstances would be to return to her home in the old country, where none of her friends would know anything of the affair. She appeared to accept this advice, and left the Chief under the impression that she meant to act upon it. He heard nothing more of her until about a month ago, when he received information from one of the detectives that a young girl had accused a wealthy and well-known citizen of having administered a drug to her, and then effected her ruin, and that she intended to proceed against him by law. On inquiring the name of the young girl, he found that it was the same as that of the young woman who had called upon him previously, and a little investigation satisfied him that the party was the same. He at once began to suspect that there was something wrong about the matter, and lost no time in seeking out the lawyer who had consented to act for the girl. On hearing the story that had been told to the Chief, the counsel also became suspicious, and refused to have anything more to do with the case. Shortly after this the girl called again upon the Chief, and upbraided him for his interference. He replied that he considered himself justified by the circumstances, and asked her if the two stories did not look suspicious. She then stated that the story she had first told him was untrue, and attempted to explain her first visit by saying that the doctor of whom she had spoken had attended her during her confinement, and she desired to have him as a witness in her suit against the other party. She further alleged that the child, which she had before said was dead, was alive and well, and at Portland. In fine, she contradicted herself, and so mixed and confused the whole matter, that the Chief came to the conclusion that no dependence could be placed upon her and that she was out of her mind. The matter had almost slipped his memory until recently, when he learned casually that a warrant had been applied for, and issued by one of the Judges for the arrest of the citizen implicated by the girl in her second story. On inquiry it transpired that she had gone to another lawyer, and succeeded in inducing him to take her case, and as neither he nor the Judge knew anything of the previous events, the warrant had been granted as a matter of course. On learning what the Chief had to communicate respecting the matter, the Judge at once took order to prevent the service of the writ until the affair could be thoroughly investigated, and so the case stands at present. Altogether it is one of the strangest stories that we have heard for some time, and certainly it is not as it stands, a very creditable one.

St. Louis, Sept. 9.—The demonstration in honor of Sheridan was the largest ever seen in St. Louis. There was a torchlight procession over two miles long, consisting of over twenty parts of the Grand Army of the Republic. There were a large number of colored organizations, including the Colored Soldiers' Home, and General Smith and Carl Shurtz delivered welcome speeches. Sheridan merely returned thanks for the honor.

Father Cotter's Letter.

Allow me to call the attention of your readers to the record of E. W. McKinstry, nominated for County Judge of San Francisco. In February, 1894, Mr. McKinstry was a member of the Vigilance Committee of Aurora, in Esmeralda. This fact he admitted to me no later than last Saturday. I was Catholic pastor of Aurora to within a few months of the organization of this Committee. I, therefore, exerted myself to procure for the condemned prisoners, three of whom were Catholics, the rites of their religion in their last hour. A friend having learned that they were to be executed at noon the following day, went with a despatch to the telegraph office at the request of the prisoners, asking for a priest from Virginia. The wires were in the possession of the Vigilantes, and they refused to transmit the message. After considerable anxiety and trouble, it was sent to Rev. Peter Magranotti. Father Peter at once hired a stage and four horses for one hundred and ninety dollars, but finding he could not reach Aurora until 4 o'clock P. M., he sent two despatches to the Vigilance Committee, asking a respite of four hours. This he peremptorily refused to grant. The day of execution came. A Catholic lady had the resolution and charity to ask permission to see the condemned in order to prepare them for the awful hour approaching. This was also denied until the moment when the guard conducted them to the scaffold.

A correspondent then in Aurora, writing to me, says: "It was terrible to see the poor fellows on the scaffold begging for a Priest, and not finding one, dying in despair." I assert, without fear of contradiction, that Mr. McKinstry could have had their dying request granted. Was such action, Messrs. Editors, in keeping with the oath of office taken as District Judge? Was this proceeding in accordance with the spirit of the American Constitution, which, while it proclaims freedom of religion to every citizen, always provides for its exercise, even when the sanction of the law has to be enforced? Has the man who thus outraged the laws of the land and outraged the most sacred rights of citizens any claim to the endorsement of the electors of San Francisco?

Respectfully yours,
JAMES S. COTTER,
Pastor St. Rose Church, Sacramento.

The names of the condemned were: John Daly, James Buckley, M. Masterson, John McDowell.

Judge McKinstry's Letter.

I was pained to see the communication in Thursday's Alta, signed by the Rev. J. S. Cotter, and deeply regret the misapprehension which has induced a Priest of the Catholic Church to pursue so unusual a course. It is well known that the movement which resulted in a Vigilance Committee at Aurora was instituted for the purpose of aiding the officers of the law in the discharge of their duties, and that for a time it confined itself to strictly lawful. It is also well known to those connected with the organization, that it assumed another aspect, and threatened a violation of the law, I at once withdrew from it. When the men who were hanged by the Vigilance Committee were tried before a Court, I was not a member of it—when they were executed, I did not belong to it. While I was connected with the preliminary movement, I used every effort to allay the popular excitement, and it is admitted that I introduced resolutions, which were passed at the first meeting, which were to the effect that the people there assembled would confine their action to assisting the officers in arresting those charged with crime, and to protect the legally constituted Courts in the discharge of their duties. I still think, as I thought then, that my efforts, and the efforts of those who acted with me at the beginning of the movement, saved the lives of many who would otherwise have been sacrificed by the mob. In asserting that I could have had the request of those men for a respite granted, Father Cotter gives me credit for more influence than I possessed. I had several all-connections with the movement, but if I did not, I could not have controlled, for one moment the action of the five or six hundred men who composed that Vigilance Committee. But it is enough to say, in response to this suggestion, that I never heard that a priest had been sent, or that any postponement of the execution had been solicited until the night after the execution took place.

E. W. MCKINSTRY.

The Sisters of St. Dominic gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$1,500, the proceeds of the late lecture delivered by the Rev. Father Bachard in St. Ignace's church, on the 10th inst. In doing so they tender their thanks to the Rev. Father for the great interest he has taken in the welfare of their school, and for his kindness in leading the great influence of his name and learning for the benefit of their institution. To the public likewise they tender their grateful thanks for their high appreciation of their efforts in the cause of religious education, shown by the generous liberality with which they responded to this first appeal for assistance.

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Personal.—Hon. John Conness, J. H. Warwick, General E. McCook, General W. H. French, and Hon. W. M. Stewart amongst the passengers who go East on the Golden City. It is rumored that the latter gentleman is going on a pilgrimage in search of that land where last Democrat has been born. When he finds it, he intends to make that same old speech to them.

To the Fenian Brotherhood of California:

BROTHERS—The period having expired for which your present District officers were elected, it is a duty incumbent on me to call a State Convention for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it—Therefore, notice is hereby given, that a State Convention of the Fenian Brotherhood of California, who would act in concert with the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood through their recently elected agent, John Savage; will be held at the armory of the Independent Irish Battalion No. 769 Market street, San Francisco, on Friday the 15th day of November next.

The present position of our organization emphatically demands that a full representation be in attendance as matters of great and lasting importance to its interest will be brought before them for decision; therefore, on all—irrespective of past differences of opinion—the necessity is earnestly urged of prompt and united action.

Warned by the errors and dissensions of the past (which have caused so much shame and sorrow to every patriotic Irish heart, and joy to the enemies of our cause), and cheered by the hope of a glorious and successful future—the path of duty which we have marked out we must firmly and earnestly tread; the martyrs now suffering in British prisons because of their devotion to their land—must be liberated, and California must do her share in the noble work.

Any circles which, through inadvertence, may not receive a formal notification, will consider this one sufficient.

Circles are entitled to representation by counties, one delegate for every fraction of twenty.

When from any cause a circle cannot be represented by delegates, proxies should be sent to the District Secretary.

Any circles organized after the publication of this, and previous to the time of holding the Convention, will be entitled to representation by communicating with the District Secretary, 769 Market street, San Francisco.

M. C. SMITH, District Centre F. B. C. G. I.

M. F. COMMISS, District Secretary.

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"You may talk to me of Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York, and the railroads and the trade of the Atlantic—let me tell you that the Pacific Coast is already beginning to revolutionize the world!—We have the Hon. William H. Seward to the people of Annapolis, Maryland, June, 1897.

ADDRESS

To the Permanent Citizens of the Pacific States and Territories.

CITIZENS—We enjoy the finest country that the sun shines on, the most varied and fertile soil, the most extensive seaboard, and the greatest breadth of land having the richest metallic deposits possessed by any one nation of the earth—a land affording all the most varied materials for manufactures, wool, hides, cotton, silk, metals, coal, fibre, gum, wood, and, above all, abundance of every kind of food.

We are only a million of people, and yet have more land and sea than Russia with sixty millions—more land than France and Germany, with their hundred millions of people. In the face of those vast resources there are towns crumbling to decay, men seeking without finding employment. Something wrong here, and this would not be happening. Let us consider:

The instructed mind of the population is mostly devoted to political office seeking. Their ambition is misdirected. The rising youth is trained to idleness. This mode of thinking and training must be reversed, if you would hold this magnificent country against the incoming barbarian.

We must teach our youth the glories of manufactures, of commerce, of industry. We must nourish every effort, however rude, at manufacturing what we require. By devoting some of our capital and our young people to manufactures and general industries we shall soon become busy, get rich, bring more and more people into the country, create new wants, build up new factories and new villages around them; cultivate more land, build more ships, generate more commerce, and thereby create profitable employment for all who want work.

Now, fellow citizens, some money capital is required to help on this industrial movement. Where shall we get it? There is a considerable fund which we can draw from, the Insurance Fund.

Consider. The people of the Pacific States pay two hundred thousand dollars a month to the Insurance Companies for insuring them against losses from fire or shipwreck.

There are some fifteen of these insurance offices in this city, each being for its share of this large fund. Each office pays a heavy rent, a half dozen offices and clerks, besides printing and advertising; the lowest cost is a thousand dollars a month, and with some it is double that. There are too many persons employed in the business; too much doing over newspapers; too much red tape and circumspection; too high salaries and too little work. Think of two hundred thousand dollars a month! Two millions and a half a year! paid to those sleepy gentlemen for what little they do. This must be reformed. Three or four Insurance offices are quite enough for the million of scattered inhabitants of the Pacific States. A dozen of them may be abolished with great benefit to the community; some one or two have already withdrawn. This change would liberate some fifty men of education, whose business capacity would be of much greater service to the community in other branches of industry, such as manufactures, agriculture, commerce, the fisheries, the forests and the mines. This change would also divert a million or two of dollars to the benefit of the manufacturing industries, where a thousand fold more of national capital and employment would be generated than by the present drowsy system.

The managers of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE propose, with the cooperation of the people, that this vast monthly stream of capital shall be arrested and diverted to the aid of home manufactures, to effect a great reformation of the people's shoulders the expense of supporting a half million of idle insurance clerks and agents. The BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY has passed through its first year (the most trying) with singular success. It has gathered a hundred thousand dollars, paid promptly all its losses, and established a business income of fully twenty thousand dollars a month. This has been accomplished by the aid of the people, and enjoying the confidence of only a portion of the public. We now appeal to the entire people. We ask them to send their insurance business to us on the following conditions, and soon we shall have an income of one hundred thousand dollars a month, and here is what we shall do with the money:

First, we calculate, from our past experience, that we shall lose by fire and crime disasters half our monthly income (our first year's experience our "loss" were but one-third of our income).

Suppose then that our income shall be worked up to one hundred thousand dollars a month, and suppose that we shall pay our losses to the extent of fifty thousand dollars a month, we shall still have fifty thousand dollars a month to bank up, or half a million a year. We propose to make two parts of this sum—one part, a quarter of a million a year, to be invested in City bonds, to protect the assured, and one part, a quarter of a million a year, we propose to convert into a

Manufacturer's Loan Fund.

Which shall be lent exclusively to manufacturers on mortgage of their premises and machinery, at as low rate of interest and on as long time as is generally current on real estate.

By the aid of this fund the budding industries of the Pacific States and Territories may be plainly seen by holding the torch to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

There is a considerable saving by taking the larger size.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of persons in every disorder are affixed to each box.

Send Dealers in my well-known medicines can have Show Cards, Circulars, etc., etc., by enclosing 25 cents in a letter, addressed to H. A. COBB, 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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factories all over the country. You shall fill the rivers and harbors with busy ships; you shall send out upon the distant waters, fishing expeditions that will bring back wealth to your cities; you shall form a nursery of seamen around your own shores—the oars of a future commerce and a protective navy; you will create the hum of busy workmen in every desirable locality on the Pacific Coast; you will bring from neglected fields produce of the utmost value; all of which will most certainly multiply a thousand fold the wealth of the country in your lot is cast, making a worthy home for yourselves and a future country for your offspring.

People of the Pacific States and Territories! We pledge ourselves to you to effect, with your cooperation, some of these things. We have kept all our pledges so far, and have altered nothing that was not true. Already have we helped to move the shuttle and the loom, which others, with more means, have passed by and neglected. Already have we helped to build and rig ships in our own dockyards and sent them over the wide water in search of riches for the city. Already have we given many liberal bounties and donations to the deserving institutions of the city. Give your vote to the BUILDERS, and we shall use it for every useful charity and every honest industry, and help along every enterprise that promises benefit to the people.

We call for the yeas and nays.

THOMAS MOONEY, President.

WM. B. COOK, J. W. WEIR, J. D. CONNELL, J. W. MCCORMICK, C. A. JENKE, HERMAN SCHWARZE, J. W. MCKENZIE, H. V. BEARDET, Secretary.

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SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS

COERCEED WEEKLY BY OUR REPORTER

Wholesale prices only.

Flour \$7.00 to \$8.25

Wheat \$2.40 to \$2.62 per 100.

Barley \$1.62 to \$1.70

Oats \$1.62 to \$1.70 per 100 lbs.

Corn \$1.75 to \$2.00 per 100 lbs.

Rye \$1.75 to \$2.00

Potatoes at \$1.50 to \$1.75

Butter Choice to 15c per lb.

California Dairy 60c to 65c per lb.

Butter (old) in brine, 30c to 32c

Eggs, 50c to 60c per dozen.

Lard, in 10-lb. tins, at 13c per

